

# THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1890.

No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## PERSONALITY IN FICTION.

Having been much abused for writing a book in which certain people, generally those afflicted, accuse me of trespassing upon the ground of private rights, it has become to me a matter of great interest to know to what extent an author is permitted to portray the idiosyncrasies of those around him, without forfeiting his claim to public respect. We allow to the painter the privilege of choosing his subjects where he will. If he put into a picture the complete portrait of some friend, we admire the likeness, and do not think of condemning the artist; yet, somehow, in private we look with condemnation upon him who pictures the life of which he sees most. The crooked nose of a friend is not out of place in a picture, but his crooked character, although well known to the public, must not be portrayed.

And yet, should it not be the right of the author to select his models wheresoever he will, drawing with free hand, and producing undeniable portraits, since his art is far more dependent upon his models than is that of the painter? One would hardly like to uphold such a book as "Cape Cod Folks," since in that no attempt was made to shield from public curiosity the names of the people described. But had that book been written with names which were fictitious, would the talented author have heard one word of disapproval?

The world is, however, a little unjust. If the author be successful, it forgives the greatest transgressions, but visits with great wrath any feeble effort made to portray real life, especially when it is called personal. That Thackeray portrayed in Lord Steyne a well-known nobleman is notorious. No one complains. But, had Thackeray not achieved fame, would he have been treated with equal leniency? It is whispered that Mr. Howells once pictured a well-known Boston girl in some story, and pressure being brought to bear upon him, the story was withdrawn from print. Was he not wrong in taking such a course?

A line should be drawn between friends and mere acquaintances. Surely it would be barbarous to surrender to the vulgar gaze of the world all the secrets which come to one through the most holy of associations; but those things which all the world knows, that is, the small social world in which each individual moves,—surely to describe them would not be violating any law of honor, or, so far as I can see, any just law of taste. Therefore, to go farther afield and include those people who have made themselves conspicuous, either by their sins or

by their virtues, should be permissible, so long as the great public does not learn their names. But to caricature a person, that is, so to exaggerate his faults as to make them untruthful, would be, of course, wrong, since, in that case, one would tell an actual untruth.

It does not often fall to the lot of an author to have his every character picked out and placed with such accuracy that he feels amazed by the public insight; yet if it were so, and each suggestion were true, would he have reason to blush to find himself discovered? Is it possible for a conscientious writer not to have this foible and that sin constantly in mind, even when he is, as he supposes, least personal? Is it at all strange if into the most innocent of manuscripts an expression creeps which owes itself to an experience almost forgotten, and is remembered at a late date by some awkward memory? Can any writer picture nature without drawing from some source; in short, is it possible to write anything which bears the impress of truth without being, in a measure, personal? How can a man whose acquaintance has been with Albany society write well of New York life? Will not his most general pictures be made up largely of that which he has seen? Even his greatest struggles to be impersonal will hardly deprive him of the bias he has acquired in the city which he knows best. Or how can a man who has lived all his days in New York successfully portray provincial life? How can he know the little quarrels, the petty jealousies, in short, all the meannesses which make up life in any quarter, unless he has lived among them? Even in his most general descriptions he will say something that will make some people feel hurt. And an author will surely be lost in amazement, not only at the penetration of his friends and of those in his own social world, but to find how many people are looking for just such grievances.

One does not, quite naturally, wish to hurt other people's feelings. A certain amount of publicity, however, flatters the pride of most people. A charming woman once said to me that Mrs. X. was going about saying I had written her up, and abusing me for my sinfulness. My fair friend importuned me to go over the way and "have it out" with the lady, since she

had always been amenable to reason. I at once replied that Mrs. X. would never forgive me if I should follow her suggestion. I argued that if she were really ashamed of the character she referred to she would be the last one to speak of it. In short, I declined to make Mrs. X. more of an enemy than she was already. From this I could draw but one conclusion: certain people enjoy the distinction of figuring in printed pages.

But there is a very serious side to this question, so far as the author is concerned. His life has brought him into contact with many queer people. A careful investigation proves that some of these people are as genuinely worthy of portrayal as any we read of in the works of the great novelists. Intimate association, and a regard founded, it may be, only upon association, make one hesitate to lay such characters out in print. These people would probably feel hurt to see themselves accurately described. Should one, therefore, hesitate? In short, should Art be forced to bow to social conventionality? In one village, I know of several people who have led lives of such singularity that if they were well written up the world would profitably read them. Placed as they are in the midst of their homely setting, united as they are by family ties, it would be impossible to separate these people in fiction from their real selves, and to place them in such positions that the public would not recognize their personality. Indeed, the very name of the author would at once betray their names. Must a student of nature forego so rich a field for the sake of their feelings? And yet it seems cruel to ask such a question.

There is still another view of the matter. The painter goes afield for his subjects. He takes everything which comes within his range of vision. He is obliged to select the most attractive subjects to gain his daily bread. Must an author, who secures his sustenance by greater difficulty, put aside, from motives mostly of sentiment, a large field of subjects simply because he has lived among and known them? The world asks an author to forego, not only bread, but that which it is harder for genius to forego—fame. It asks him to produce masterpieces without models, bricks without straw.

It condemns with such contempt if one fails, that surely it ought to smile still more benignly if one succeeds, even though that success be gained by drawing pictures directly from life. This subject is one so interesting to me, and one so vital, that I trust some one will discuss it at length.

*Edward Staats de Grote Tompkins.*

KINDERHOOK, N. Y.

### A NEAR VIEW OF IBSEN.

We spent the summer of '82 at Gossensass, a pretty Alpine village on the Brenner Pass. It is a favorite summer resort because of its fine pure air, and is elevated nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. There is a good hotel, and the Grödens, who for generations have been the chief family of the village, — as are the inn-keepers always in Tyrolean towns, — do their utmost to please their guests, who come from far and near, and represent many nationalities.

The rooms adjoining ours were occupied by Ibsen, the Swedish poet, with his wife and son. For a time we did not know who he was, but his appearance and manner were so thoroughly German that between ourselves we always spoke of him as the "Herr Professor." Not tall, but of good height; not portly, but well filled-out; with tumbling locks of dark hair, eyes of any possible color, because they were so well concealed behind huge spectacles; and a fine brown beard — such was Ibsen as we saw him. He did not impress us as being an amiable man; perhaps, I ought rather to say, as being a genial man. During all that summer I do not remember to have heard his voice. I can quite believe that he would take gloomy views of life, and have but small patience with the slips and falls of erring mortals. Mine was but the most superficial observation, however; his habits of reserve may have been only the armor of self-protection, and a warm, yearning heart may beat under that cold, almost repellent, exterior.

The three never came to *table-d'hôte*, but dined *à la carte* at a small round table by themselves. The "Herr Professor's" lips moved occasionally, but the burden of the talk, never either lively or constant, was borne by his wife

and son. He used to write all day long in the room next to mine, and go out alone toward twilight to walk. It rained a great deal that summer, and Ibsen often took his constitutional pacing around and around the diminutive *Platz*, looking anathemas at the enormous puddles, which, in the struggles of poetic composition, perchance he never saw, and poising a disconsolate umbrella in one white, firm hand clad in a gray cotton glove. In thought I can never dissociate Ibsen from his umbrella, for on our few bright days he used it as a screen against the sunshine.

His wife wrote all day, too, poor little woman! copying his manuscripts; but when he went for his walk she usually took a breathing spell, and often have I seen her dash down the road toward Sterzing, four miles distant, with her buff linen skirts tucked up away from the mud, her canvas shoes carefully avoiding the puddles, and her broad hat flapping over a tired little careworn face. She was frequently accompanied by her son, a handsome, debonair young fellow, still in the early twenties. One of our party grew to be great friends with young Ibsen. They played chess deeply and cleverly in the great dining-room of evenings, where the air was thick with smoke and the tables strewn with beer-mugs, and made long rambling excursions over the fine mountain roads by day. He told us some of his father's habits.

"He is writing all this year," he said. "He can think of nothing but his drama. He will write, write all this year. Then next year he will not write a word, but he will walk. It has been so ever since I can remember. He writes all one year, and walks all the next."

Also, he did not speak of his father with the respect and affection that one could wish. There was nothing of the poet about the young man; he was devoting himself to the study of law in Rome, where the family were then spending their winters. I believe it was his intention to return to his native country to practise his profession. He always spoke with deep, sweet affection of his mother, and we used to wonder if the father's lofty — even mountainous — ideals and the son's easy, man-of-the-world habits had caused an unconscious, unavoidable drifting apart.

We never knew the parents any better all that summer. The intimacy with the son brought us bows of recognition, but our acquaintance went no further. Two years later, whisking past Gossensass by rail, I saw Henrik Ibsen standing on a grassy knoll to watch the train go by. He looked exactly the same, tidy and melancholy, and held the inevitable umbrella over his head. In that instant I caught myself wondering: "Is this his writing year or his walking year?" I looked for the little wife's buff linen gown, but I have no doubt she was shut up in her room busily copying manuscript.

*Jeanie Porter Rudd.*

FLORENCE, Italy.

#### \* IS COPYRIGHTING NECESSARY?

As a matter of fact, copyrighting gives the author very little advantage that he cannot secure more easily by other means. I write a book and send to the Librarian of Congress, before its publication, a printed or typewritten copy of the title-page, — also one dollar. I get from him a certificate to the effect that on a certain day I deposited in his office the title of a work, and he quotes the title as I sent it. In one case the title was abominably misquoted, and I had to send for a corrected document. I might not have discovered the error, and the certificate would have been worthless even as evidence.

And, after all, that is about all which the copyright does. It is not complete as evidence or anything else until the book is published and two copies of the book have been sent to the Librarian of Congress. After I have it, it merely serves me as evidence in a suit which I may wish to bring against any one who copies what I have copyrighted. If I assign the copyright to a publisher who is to pay me a royalty on the retail price of my book, and another publisher pirates the work, I cannot compel the legitimate publisher to bring suit against the pirate, and I have no right to do so in my own name, even at my own cost.

Now, I claim that a copy of a title-page on a manuscript, attested before a notary and properly dated, should be equally good evidence

in case my manuscript is used by any one to whom I have not granted the right to use it.

If from a sheet of paper and a few inexpensive blocks of colors I produce a sketch in aquarelle, any one who steals or wantonly destroys that drawing is liable to me for more than the cost or the value of the raw materials. He can be held for the reasonable value of my equity in the completed sketch — for the value of my brain-work; my ideas. I can recover in a local court, without having gone through the formality of "copyrighting," so called. The ideas are mine; no one has a right to use my work without my permission, warning or no warning, any more than he has a right to enter or use my house and grounds, even although I have omitted to put up any sign warning trespassers about the penalties of the law.

If I invent a machine or a process, no one has a right to use it without my permission, patent or no patent, if I record thereon the fact that it is mine, and can prove that fact. The law gives me two years' protection without requiring patent, caveat, or anything else. Why should I have any less right to that invention after two years than I had before? Why should I have any more right after two years because I have paid the government thirty-five dollars for a record of what I have done?

To get back to the copyright: Why should the law give me less protection on ideas of that kind than on those embodied in a machine or an ideal landscape?

I think that I have just as much right to sue any one who uses, without my permission, my verbal expressions of ideas as to bring action against him who so uses the pictorial expression of the same or other ideas, or the mechanical embodiment of any ideas which I may have.

I believe that the use of the words "Reproduction Forbidden" on a published work would have as much value as the usual copyright line; that I would have a right to bring suit in a state court or in a United States court, according as the pirating was done in the state in which I lived or in another.

The broad general principle is this: That my ideas are mine, — and that their unauthorized oral, written, printed, pictorial, or mechani-

cal expression or embodiment can be prevented or punished, copyright or no copyright.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

*Robert Grimshaw.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## MONEY VALUE OF LITERARY WORK.

Before the time of Dr. Johnson writers depended in the main upon the generosity of patrons for their support, and, in recognition of this fact, were accustomed to dedicate their works to their patrons. The most fulsome language frequently characterized these dedications. Dr. Johnson frowned upon the practice, and, breaking through all usages of the past, set a precedent for all writers afterward, which was to depend upon the reading world for support, rather than upon any private wealthy patron.

Shakespeare, who lived before the day of Samuel Johnson, but who had no friend and admirer on whom to depend, sold his "Hamlet" for \$25.

John Milton disposed of his greatest masterpiece for \$25 in hand, with the understanding that if a second and third editions were demanded \$75 more should be paid him. The first edition consisted of 1,500 copies, and at the expiration of the second year 1,300 copies had been sold. The rest were not disposed of until some five years afterward. At the very outset this magnificent production underwent the severest criticism. For example, the poet Waller commented on it as follows: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other."

Alexander Pope was a much more fortunate writer, so far as the money returns for his labor were concerned; as, for instance, his translation of Homer brought him some \$40,000.

Thomas Gray obtained only \$200 for the entire run of his poems. Fortunately, however, for Gray, he did not have to depend upon his literary work for a living. Gray gave the copyright of his most famous poem, "The Elegy," to the publisher, Dodsley, at the time entertaining the sentiment that it was quite beneath the dignity of a gentleman to earn money with the pen, which, indeed, was the opinion shared by Lord Byron in his early career as a poet. The publisher of "The Elegy" cleared \$5,000 by the publication, which in those days was considered a remarkable achievement.

Dr. Johnson sold the copyright of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" for \$300, believing at the time that this sum represented the real value of the performance; but the publisher is said to have

made handsomely out of the venture. For his "Vanity of Human Wishes" Johnson received only \$75. For his "Rasselas" he was paid \$500, which money he used to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Oliver Goldsmith sold his poem, "The Traveller," which he liked best of all his poems, for \$105. But for "The Deserted Village," which is more popular with the world than "The Traveller," Goldsmith was paid \$500, while his "Good-Natured Man," a performance so inferior to most of his other compositions as to be hardly worthy of mention in connection with them, brought him \$2,500.

Charles and Mary Lamb received only \$315 for their "Tales from Shakespeare," while the Smiths labored hard to obtain from Murray, the publisher, \$100 for their "Rejected Addresses." But the work in question was declined, though another publisher purchased it, and after it had passed through sixteen editions Murray bought the right to print the seventeenth edition, for which he paid \$650.

Burns realized only \$100 from the first edition of his poems, and only \$350 from the second. Sir Walter Scott, on the whole the most successful money-maker in literature, received for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" \$3,800; for "Marmion," before the poem was finished, \$5,000; and for "The Lady of the Lake," \$10,500. Of the "Waverley Novels," he received for eleven of the number, at three volumes each, and nine volumes of "Tales of My Landlord," in all, the sum of \$550,000. For one novel alone he was paid \$50,000. Between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he earned \$130,000. Through his pen Scott amassed a fortune of \$1,500,000.

Byron made a creditable sum of money from his writings, though he might have done vastly better had he been at all exacting with his publisher. "Childe Harold" brought him \$20,000, and for his minor productions he realized from \$1,500 to \$5,000 for each. He was paid \$15,000 for "Don Juan."

Before his publisher had seen a single line of "Lalla Rookh," he paid Moore \$15,000 for it. For his "Irish Melodies" Moore received the splendid sum of \$75,000.

Hume's "History of England" was a fairly profitable work to those immediately interested in it, particularly so in respect to the publisher, though the historian himself received only \$3,500 a volume; but Gibbon, out of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," realized from his work a much larger sum than Hume, the former receiving \$50,000 for his history, comprising much less space than that of the "History of England."



Macaulay, however, was more successful than either, receiving for his history over \$300,000. Dickens was a very successful money-maker, his writings bringing him \$50,000 a year on an average; that is, after he had won his great fame. From middle life on to the time of his decease, Dickens was an extravagant liver, and, in fact, prodigal with his money in other ways, and yet when he died he left the better part of a million dollars.

Thackeray was not so successful in money getting as Dickens, receiving much less sums for his novels than his great rival; but he was handsomely paid for his lectures, which latter, on the whole, were much more remunerative than his other work. For a single novel, the Earl of Beaconsfield received, probably, the largest sum of money ever paid for a similar service, since for his "Endymion" the publisher paid him \$60,000. And yet "Endymion" fell dead almost from the first.

Wilkie Collins was well paid for his novels, receiving, for example, for his "Armada" \$25,000. It is estimated that Charles Reade averaged \$25 a page for his writing; but Herbert Spencer's remuneration scarcely exceeds five English shillings per page. Walter Besant, it is said, earns more from a single one of his romances than Thomas Carlyle earned during the first ten years of his literary career. George Eliot was paid large sums for her novels, in several instances during the last years of her life receiving from \$40,000 to \$60,000 for a single novel.

Tennyson, on the whole, has made more money out of his poetry than any other writer of verse, past or present, though in several instances Longfellow was better paid than the Laureate. Ever since "The Princess" and "In Memoriam" settled Tennyson's rank and reputation, everything he has produced has brought him almost fabulous prices, and to-day his wealth is estimated at not less than \$1,500,000. For his comparatively short ballad, the "Revenue," which originally appeared in the English magazine, the *Nineteenth Century*, he was paid \$12 a line, or \$1,500. Yet Longfellow, for "The Hanging of the Crane," consisting of two hundred lines, received from Robert Bonner \$4,000, or \$20 a line.

Both Longfellow and Whittier received handsome prices for their work, the publisher of the *Youth's Companion* never paying them for their briefest poem contributed to the publication in question less than \$100, but Whittier recently received from Robert Bonner's Sons, of the *Ledger*, \$1,000 for a poem published in that weekly. James Fenimore Cooper left a fortune of some \$200,000, the result

of his literary earnings. Colonel John Hay and John G. Nicolay, the joint authors of the "Life of Lincoln," which has been a most interesting feature of the *Century Magazine* during the last two years, were paid, it is stated, \$50,000 for the work.

Bret Harte has been as splendidly paid for his work as any living writer. For his short serial, "An Episode of Fiddleton," which originally appeared in the old *Scribner's Magazine*, under the late Dr. Holland, Harte received \$1,500, and for his "Gabriel Conroy," in the same periodical, the sum of \$10,000. — *George Newell Lovejoy, in the New York Star.*

#### A PLEA FOR PURE ENGLISH.

At the Royal Academy dinner in London a little while ago, John Morley, in responding to the toast of "Literature," said: "It seems to me that one of the greatest functions of literature at this moment is not merely to produce great works, but also to protect the English language, — that noble, that most glorious instrument, — against those hosts of invaders which I observe have in these days sprung up. I suppose that every one here has noticed the extraordinary list of names suggested lately in order to designate motion by electricity. That list of names only revealed what many of us have been observing for a long time, — namely, the appalling forces that are ready, at a moment's notice, to deface and deform our English tongue. These strange, fantastic, grotesque, and weird titles open up to my prophetic vision a most unwelcome prospect. I tremble to see the day approach, — and I am not sure that it is not approaching, — when the humors of the head-lines of American journalism shall pass current as models of conciseness, energy, and color of style. Even in our social speech this invasion seems to be taking place in an alarming degree, and I wonder what the pilgrim fathers of the seventeenth century would say if they could hear their pilgrim children of the nineteenth century who come over here on various missions, and, among others, 'on the make.' This is only one of the thousand such-like expressions which are invading the Puritan simplicity of our tongue. I will only say that I should like, for my own part, to see in every library and in every newspaper office that admirable passage in which Milton, — who knew so well how to handle both the great instrument of prose, and the nobler instrument of verse, — declared that next to the man who furnished courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy in arms, he placed the man who should enlist small bands of

good authors to resist that barbarism which invades the minds and the speech of men, in their methods and habits of speaking and writing."—*New York Evening Post*.

### MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

The other day, in the parlors of the Fifth-avenue Hotel, I met one of the most remarkable and prolific of woman authors, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. There is probably no woman in the United States to-day whose writings command so wide a circle of readers at home and abroad; yet so much of a hermit is she that her personality is almost a mystery. Mrs. Barr is probably over fifty, yet she has all the sprightliness of a woman of thirty. Gray eyes full of soul and dancing with smiles, hair just beginning to silver a bit at the temples; a womanly woman, with a comforting presence, and a quiet dignity that impresses you at once,—she displays in her conversation and gesture a force of character altogether unusual. One feels instantly that such a woman cannot talk commonplaces. She wore a dark travelling dress, and a shawl of filmy black lace was thrown over her shoulders. She was in town only for a day or two, for Mrs. Barr is quite a recluse, and seldom leaves her hermitage on the top of the Storm King Mountain, on the Hudson. There, in a study perched like an eyrie among "the clouds," the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," and a round dozen other famous novels, lives with her daughters, happy in her literary work and her social surroundings, and almost worshipped by the dwellers on the mountain, who are frequent visitors at the hermitage.

"The story of my beginning a literary career is a strange one," she said. "My husband, a clergyman, died and left me with two daughters to take care of. I wrote for a number of years for the daily press, and for the weeklies. It was a hard task with me, as it is with every one, to push up in the literary world during those years. But I kept on, working faithfully, still hoping the best, when one day an accident came that seemed to dash all my hopes. I fell and injured a limb so severely that I was confined to my room for many weeks.

"Now, this was the turning point of my life. During that period of enforced confinement it occurred to me that I could write a story. Till then I had never attempted such a thing. But time hung on my hands, and, besides, I needed the money; so I set resolutely to work, wholly unaided, and in a few weeks the story of 'Jan Vedder's Wife' was sketched in outline. Then came the

work of writing it out, and when that was done I sent it to a New York publishing house. You may believe I was anxious until I heard from them; but when the answer did come it was all I could have wished. The story was accepted, and, when brought out, was an instant success. It has since appeared in Europe and is quite popular there, too, I believe.

"All this happened seven years ago. You see, it is not a very long time; yet, since then, I have written fourteen other novels, every one of which has been issued by this same house, and all of which, fortunately, have been successful."

"Do you employ a secretary?" I asked. "It is necessary, I suppose, in order to get through so much material?"

"No, I don't," said the lady, smiling. "I am my own secretary, and, what's more, I write all my novels with the typewriter, too. My favorite hours for work are in the morning. I frequently get up before daylight, and, after drinking half a cup of coffee and eating some fruit and a bit of bread, I set to work. A fruit diet I find is the best one to write upon. Meat and heavy meals make one's mind dull, and destroy the capacity for work. Then, after my morning at the desk, I devote the rest of the day to relaxation indoors or out. After dinner and during the afternoon I write out on my typewriter what I composed during the morning. Write anything at night? No, never!" she added, emphatically. "I share none of the confidence in gaslight as an aid to literary labor that some others do. I take a nap after my dinner, go out or entertain at home in the afternoon and evening, and I am always off to bed by 9 o'clock.

"I have given all my work to the same publishers who produced my first book. Many have tempted me with higher figures, but I have stuck to the house that stood by me when I most needed it." And the mobile face kindled with a smile.

"Have you a story in hand at present?"

"Two of them," she replied. "I have just finished a novel of four hundred pages of my typewritten copy—about three hundred words to the page—with the title: 'She Loved a Sailor.' It deals with the time when the American navy was one to be proud of. And I am going to Europe in a few days to gather material for a novel on Socialism. In Scotland and England I shall study the phases of what was known as the Chartist movement. I remember well, when it was at its height, how intensely earnest the people there were about it. The Socialism of to-day is an advanced phase of the same idea. Bellamy's book had a deep interest for me, because I have long wished

to write about this subject. My other book will be on a rather different topic — 'Calvinism.' I shall take strong grounds against those cruel doctrines that were formerly inseparable from the creed of Calvin — infant damnation and the like."

"When do you expect to return to this country?"

"About the end of August, I think. I shall require till that time to gather the material I need, and to study up, in their native soil, the two peculiar phases I have indicated. I shall leave very soon." — *G. H. Sandison, in the Brooklyn Times.*

### EDMUND GOSSE.

"In asking me to write you something concerning Edmund Gosse you give me the pleasure of speaking of one whom I admire, both as a man and as an author. I first met Mr. Gosse in 1877 (twelve years ago), at the hospitable house of Mr. Trubner, the publisher. He was a young man of only twenty-eight then, but already well known as a poet, and so agreeable and interesting that I at once coveted his friendship. You wished this sketch to be "as personal as I felt at liberty to make it," so I must begin at the beginning.

Edmund W. Gosse was born September 24, 1849, in the city of London, within the near sound of the Bow Bells. He was the only child of the distinguished naturalist, Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., who, though he died only last year, was already forty years old when his son was born. His work had, at that time, won for him more of reputation than of money; and the childhood of the future poet was passed in straitened circumstances. Such duties fell to his lot as few children have been called on to fulfil. His mother sickened of cancer, and when the little fellow was only seven he was her companion and her nurse, in a cheerless apartment in Pimlico. The father was busy in earning the money to carry on the little household, and the serious seven-year-old baby watched his mother, and waited on her, and so made his first forlorn acquaintance with the agonies and horrors of pain and death, for she died before he had reached his eighth birthday.

She, as well as his father, had possessed remarkable intellectual force. She was a Greek as well as a Latin scholar, at a time when Latin and Greek were far more seldom studied by women than at present. She was the author of various religious books and of a series of tracts that were selling widely still, long after she herself was dead. Both father and mother were almost fanatically religious, and

went — he from Methodism and she from the Church of England — into the sect called "Plymouth Brethren." The mother visited the poor, and labored to bring their souls into what she considered the true faith. The father shut himself up with his microscope, and little Edmund had for friends and playmates in those childish years only a library of very solemn books, until he had to stop reading and nurse his dying mother.

After his wife's death the father's fortunes began to improve. His lectures brought him in more money, and he left London and bought a home near Torquay, in Devonshire. Now, indeed, little Edmund could "walk in a green field," as he had so longed to do in his London days that he had once startled his parents by declaring he should die if they could not somehow manage it. He had had his first taste of this delight on a visit to some friends in Wales, where, also, he for the first time played with children of his own age.

When he rejoined his father at Torquay a wave of religious experience swept over him. He listened to his father's exhortations, and was convinced of sin and resolved to save his soul. He was told that he must "confess the Lord" in public baptism; and people thronged from all parts of Devonshire to witness the ceremony. I can fancy those were dark days, when the terrors of the law affrighted him, when his father discoursed to him of death and of judgment, and when his young mind struggled with the doctrines of election and reprobation.

It was like opening a door that led from some gloomy dungeon into the light of cheerful day, when, in 1862, his father married a Quaker lady, who brought into the sombre household the sunshine of her bright nature, her warm heart, her happy and reasonable faith. Edmund was thirteen then, and his father's marriage was the best thing that could have happened to him. From henceforth he had a true mother in his home, — he knew what it was to be praised, and petted, and encouraged, and made much of. For the years to come his step-mother was his closest and loveliest friend. He was sent through her influence to private schools, where he found companions and comrades among his schoolmates, — his day had dawned.

His school education, however, was not of long duration. In 1866, when he was seventeen, his father brought him up to London to earn henceforth his own living. Fortunately, he was able to do this not too painfully. The Rev. Charles Kingsley was a great friend and admirer of Gosse, Sr., and he conceived a warm and active interest in the charming boy, whose gifts he already divined. He



procured for him an appointment in the British Museum, with a salary of ninety pounds (\$450) per year.

Now it was that the education of the future poet began in earnest. He gave the day to his work at the museum, but when he got home at night it was to devote himself to his life's real business. He is one of the best-equipped authors, one of the most scholarly men of our own time; and the foundations of his rare acquirements were laid in those busy nights following busy days. He easily studied the Continental languages, which were to be of such infinite use to him thereafter. In the cheerful home he found for himself with some nice old ladies in the suburbs of Tottenham he began already to form the nucleus of that wonderful library, so rich in rare books and first editions, which is now his pride.

The Spirit of Song was born in him in those days. He formed a close friendship with John Arthur Blaikie, a young man who, like himself, was a dear lover of poetry. Early in 1870, when Gosse was twenty, the two friends prepared and brought out, in the summer of 1870, a joint volume, entitled "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets, by J. A. Blaikie and E. W. Gosse." Mr. Gosse tells me he doubts if a dozen copies of this first venture were ever sold; but it was certainly not thrown away, for it introduced him to Rossetti, Swinburne, and others,—brought him into that literary atmosphere for which he had always longed.

The first editor to accept one of his articles was Froude, at that time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. Before this Gosse had sent articles to one magazine and another, and had them returned to him, as befalls most youthful scribes. He hardly expected better luck with the manuscript sent to Froude; but very speedily came, by way of answer, the proofs of the article for correction. It was the beginning of his success. I wonder if anything has ever given him quite such a glow of satisfaction since? In 1871 he made his first journey to Norway, and wrote for *Fraser's* an account of his adventures in the Lofoden Islands. About this time, also, he began to write for the *Spectator*. In 1872 he travelled through North Germany and Scandinavia, and met Anderson, Björnson, and other "Northern Lights."

In 1873 he published "On Viol and Flute," the first book of poems for which he alone was responsible, and it brought him immediate and deserved recognition as a poet. In the next year he was employed on the editorial staff of the *Examiner*, besides frequently contributing to the *Academy* and

the *Saturday Review*. As his first poetical venture in company with Blaikie had won for him literary friends, so his second, "On Viol and Flute," won for him, in a way, that dearest friend of all, his wife. Lawrence Alma Tadema, the great artist, read the book, liked it, and asked the young poet to his house. And at the hospitable Tadema mansion, on the Regent's Park, Gosse met Miss Nellie Epps, Mrs. Tadema's sister, to whom he was married in 1875, when he was only twenty-six. Mr. Gosse's has been an exceptionally happy marriage. Some of you in America have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Gosse, and you know in her a warm-hearted, sympathetic, altogether charming woman, in whom the heart of her husband may safely trust. I have seen on the fly-leaf of a book I chanced to borrow of Mr. Gosse a poetical inscription to his wife, so beautiful as poetry, so true in feeling, that I venture to copy it for you. It will tell you better than I could possibly tell you otherwise how truly this poet has been dowered with the very love of love:—

TO NELLIE GOSSE—NOVEMBER 12, 1879.

If womanhood were like the rose  
That with a myriad blossoms blows,  
All fair alike in sweet consent  
Of form, perfection, hue, and scent,  
So that the gardener scarcely knows  
Flower head from flower-head, richly blent—  
Yet would my heart at once divine  
Your presence by a secret sign,  
And to that single flower incline.

E. W. G.

Art is good, and fame is good, and fellowship of friends is dear; but surely the best gift of the gods is perfect love—the love of election and of profoundest sympathy, such as these lines express.

The Gosses live in a pleasant home in Delamere Terrace, near Westbourne square, and there on a Sunday afternoon you are sure to find some of the most interesting people in London.

In the autumn of 1884 Mr. Gosse and his wife went to America, where the poet had been engaged to deliver courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and the Johns Hopkins University; besides various single lectures elsewhere. No man, I think, ever made more friends in a single visit to America than did Mr. Gosse. In Boston he was the guest of William D. Howells, and in Washington Mr. Bancroft and General Sheridan were his cicerones. Everywhere he said what was best, and, I am happy to say, he brought away most pleasant impressions of his American cousins.

Just before Mr. Gosse's visit to America he had

been appointed to succeed Mr. Leslie Stephen as Clark Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, a post he will have held five years next October, at which time he will resign it. I have neglected to say that on the very day of his marriage with Miss Epps, in 1875, he received an unsolicited appointment as translator to the Board of Trade, with a salary of 400 pounds (\$2,000). This appointment still holds, and I am told the government has not a more thorough and painstaking official. Busy as he is in literature, — accomplishing more, both in writing and in study, than almost any one I know, — Mr. Gosse not only has never neglected in the slightest degree the duties of his post, but he has attended to them with unusual fidelity and efficiency.

I think he would rank as second only to his marriage, among the blessings of his life, his intimate friendship with Mr. Austin Dobson. Congenial in taste and temperament, engaged in the same pursuits, they not only live in the same town, in the midst of the same circle, but the very business of their lives compels them to elbow each other. And theirs is an intimacy that knows no weariness or satiety, and only gains strength with the passing years.

Having thus hurriedly set before you the facts of Mr. Gosse's life, it remains only to summarize, briefly, his literary achievements. I have before me a list of his books, by no means complete. I will transcribe for you the list — a sufficiently numerous one to have been given to the world by a man not yet quite forty, who has been occupied for many hours of each day in his official capacity at the Board of Trade. Here they are: "On Viol and Flute," 1873; "King Erik" (a drama), 1876; "New Poems," 1879; "Studies of the Literature of Northern Europe," 1879; "English Odes" (edited), 1881; "Life of Gray," 1882; "Seventeenth Century Studies," 1883; "Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds" (edited), 1884; "Firdause in Exile," 1885; "From Shakespeare to Pope," 1885; "Love's Graduate," Webster (edited), 1885; "Life of Raleigh," 1886; "James Shirley's Plays" (edited), 1888; "Life of Congreve," 1888; "Eighteenth Century Literature," 1889. In addition to these, Mr. Gosse has written prefatory introductions to various other books, and has contributed extensively to periodical literature. He is at present engaged on a memoir of his father.

Of all these numerous books, I think, putting aside for the moment Mr. Gosse's poems, that "Seventeenth Century Studies" is, perhaps, the most fascinating. No critic, it seems to me, can be

more just or more catholic than Edmund Gosse. He is never blind to the excellence of men in the opposite camp.

Space fails me for an analysis of Mr. Gosse's poetic power. I am happy to say that a volume will be published this autumn, with the title, "On Viol and Flute," and containing those poems from all the previous volumes which the matured critical judgment of their author esteems most worthy of preservation. — *Louise Chandler Moulton, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## THE WEST IN LITERATURE.

That the West is making progress in literature must be manifest to every student. A change has come over the spirit of the dreams of the Eastern writers who, in the past, have monopolized the literary market. The Eastern author has, during a large portion of the literary history of this nation, been king. He has had control of the space in the magazines and upon the booksellers' shelves. He has been aided in his upward course by association with fellow-workers, and has had unlimited opportunity to dip at pleasure into the libraries of the great cities. It is not unnatural that, with these advantages, he has come to consider his locality the seat of culture and the glass of literary fashion. The impetus secured by unbroken possession of the field has carried him forward long after the sceptre should have passed from his hands.

But with the drift of population toward the setting sun there have come to be familiar to the reading public the names of writers whose homes are in the West and the middle West. A new and powerful rival has entered the arena.

The West has a habit of succeeding.

Whether it builds railroads or romances, whether it lays out "additions" or novels, whether it works for a deep-water harbor or a deep-laid plot — it is likely, from mere force of habit, as well as from innate merit, to win. Its people do not know what defeat is. Hence the Western writer enters upon his competition with enthusiasm and confidence.

But the path is not rose-strewn. There are lacking the libraries, the access to literary clubs, the personal association with fellow-workers, and the close communion with the literary centres which aid so much in carrying one over the rough and toilsome steeps. The ambitious *littérateurs* of the Occident are widely separated over the prairies, and must work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

But it is not all an unmixed evil. If they are isolated, they are less exposed to the temptation of reproducing the thoughts of others, and becoming mere echoes of the literary dictators. They are, by the very force of circumstances, compelled to be original, and this, in addition to being a necessity, is their best policy. Originality is at a premium in this age, and no re-hashing penny-a-liner need apply for entrance to the charmed circle of literary excellence.

Again the Western writer holds an advantage in having before him a comparatively untilled field. This is no insignificant preëminence in a time when the prevailing complaint is that the best things have all been said and written.

The West is an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the writer. Here human nature is at its best—and worst; in its least artificial dress and in its overbold gaudiness. The struggles, the schemes for gold, bring out the latent unworthiness in men's souls; the successes in the ventures, the opening of the horn of plenty, test their capabilities for becoming the children of prosperity. Society is yet with levelled ranks, and all classes brush against each other without hesitancy.

There is no place on earth its superior for the study of character or for the selection of new scenes.

So this latest comer into the circle of contributors to the book and magazine market holds virgin wares in his hands, and has behind him a practically untouched reservoir of material.

His reception at the hands of the literary censors of the East, upon whom we are yet dependent, has been moderately encouraging. Up to within a few years the literature of the West was of the blood and thunder school, and was the work of writers who had never seen a prairie or breathed a Western zephyr, and critics were thereby prejudiced against it. But, when the true pictures of frontier life began to appear, the magazines were not slow to seize upon them. There is so much in the developing of the unbroken prairies that is touching, that is pathetic, and yet helpful, that when properly reproduced it has struck a chord of sympathy. Yet, although the dime-novel stage has been passed and occasional high praise is given, the Western writer is still treated somewhat as an intruder. If he succeeds, it is because he forces his way. The present condition is far from being satisfactory; it is far from being the reception that the West deserves; but it is something—it is an advance. The West is proving itself capable of compelling recognition, though it is by no means yet "a fashion." And as its writers are more frequently than formerly able to gain admittance to the pages presided

over by Eastern critics, complaint is not in order.

The last decade has seen in the literary world the prototype of a movement that will some day be the fortune of the West. With startling prominence, the South has become a craze in the minds of magazinists and publishers. Through Cable, Craddock, Page, Hayne, Drumgool, Rives, and McClelland, together with other lesser lights, the pages of current literature have been deluged with Southern fiction, and dialect stories have made them look like proofs of "pi," while heavier writing has, too, been devoted in a large percentage to the problems clustering about the land of the magnolia and cane. This has been brought about by the peculiar conditions which the civilization of that section presents.

But the West offers as wide a field—its scenery is as picturesque, its people are as original, and much more interesting. So some day the land of the setting sun will enter into its kingdom, and it seems in a fair way to do it soon.

Already Thompson, Kirkland, Howe, Husick, and a host of others are winning places in the front ranks of American novelists, while the development of the New West is attracting the pens of the historians and the more laborious workers.

To succeed fully, the West must some day become its own literary centre. It must have magazines and support them. Western writers must have it in their power to appear in print, whether their Eastern brethren will accord them favors or not. The time will come when it will be done, and Western magazines and Western books, published by Western houses, will be the rule, not the exception.

To accomplish this, both those who create literature and those who encourage it must adopt the motto: "The West for Westerners." A Western writer is selling himself to something worse than the common enemy when he wastes time and white paper in writing of dukes and duchesses, or of Newport and the "four hundred." His world, the stage upon which his characters should play their parts,—tragic, comic, or didactic,—is around him. It stretches away before his door in level lines to the far, haze-curtained horizon. It is a world of beauty, of inspiration, of action. It is cosmopolitan in character and aggressive in purpose. It has sons and daughters already born who will some day rule the Nation, and writers whose names will be on every tongue.

The West will grow in literature until it some day stands as preëminent as it is certain to stand in more material characteristics of prosperity.—*Charles Moreau Harger, in the Commonwealth.*

# THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Address:—

THE AUTHOR,  
BOSTON, MASS.

(P. O. Box 1905.)

VOL. II. JUNE 15, 1890. No. 6.

Every writer should have in his library a complete file of THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER from the beginning.

The publisher of THE AUTHOR will send, postpaid, to any address any book that may be desired, on receipt of the publisher's advertised price.

The pages of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR are always open to any one who has anything pertinent to say upon any topic connected with literary work.

The editor of THE WRITER desires to get information about every literary club or association of writers in the United States. He will be obliged if secretaries or members of such organizations will communicate with him, or if subscribers for THE AUTHOR will send to him the names and addresses of club secretaries or other officers. The information is

wanted for use in compiling the forthcoming "Directory of Writers."

A correspondent writes: "Eugene L. Didier, in an article on 'The True Glory of Nations,' in the April AUTHOR, says: 'What would we know of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Plataea had not Herodotus written his noble history?' We *would* know much; we *should* know little. How can so cultivated a writer make so elementary a blunder in the use of 'would' and 'should'?"

## "THE WRITER" FOR JUNE.

THE WRITER for June contains: "Marking Books," by Charles Everett Warren, M. D.; "The Sins of Editors," by Tarpley Starr; "Keeping Track of Manuscripts," by Robert Grimshaw; "Literary Ambition," by Belle C. Greene; "Literary Coincidences," by Glen Hathaway; "Secrets of the Literary Craft," by Ella B. Carter; "Editorial"; "The Scrap Basket"; "Queries"; "The Use and Misuse of Words"; "Book Reviews"; "Helpful Hints and Suggestions"; "Literary Articles in Periodicals"; and "News and Notes." Every subscriber for THE AUTHOR should be a subscriber for THE WRITER, too.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SUPPRESSION OF CONSUMPTION. By G. W. Hambleton, M. D. 37 pp. Flexible cloth, 40 cents. New York: N. D. C. Hodges. 1890.

Dr. Hambleton's timely and sensible pamphlet on consumption deserves a thoughtful perusal by all who, for any reason, are interested in this important subject. The advice given commends itself to the reason of the reader, and if acted upon, would undoubtedly tend to cure any incipient case.

R. S. P.

THE PRINCESS OF MONTSERRAT. By William Drysdale. 238 pp. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Albany: Albany Book Company. 1890.

Stories of travel and adventure have as great fascination for many readers of to-day as they had when Othello won Desdemona's heart by their aid. Therefore, it is moderately safe to predict that "The Princess of Montserrat" will find favor in the eyes of that large proportion of the reading public that has not outgrown a liking for the sensational and exciting. The book is to be commended for a certain reserve, which prevents any wild improbabilities of incident, while, at the same time, the situations are sufficiently unusual to justify the claim on the title-page that the book is "a strange narrative

of adventure and peril on land and sea." It deals with the smaller islands of the West Indies, those so small as to be practically uninhabited, furnishes a love-story begun and continued under thrillingly romantic circumstances, and brings it to a happy conclusion in spite of apparently adverse fate.

R. S. P.

### QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

**No. 60.**—Can any reader of THE AUTHOR tell me who wrote these lines?—

What is a letter? Let affection tell —  
A tongue that speaks of those who absent dwell;  
A silent language, uttered to the eye,  
Which envious distance would in vain deny;  
A link to bind when circumstances part;  
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,  
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,  
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain;  
And thrill at once, thro' its remotest link,  
The throb of feeling by a drop of ink.

Adelaide Procter wrote something with the same title,—“A Letter,”—but I do not know whether this is what she wrote.

G.

COLUMBUS, Ga.

### QUERIES ANSWERED.

**No. 59.**—The author of “Dora Thorne” was Charlotte M. (Low) Brame, who wrote much under the name of Bertha M. Clay. She was born at Hinckley, England, in 1836, and died at the same town in the winter of 1884-5. She married in 1863, and thenceforth spent much of her life in London. When only a child, she was an admired poet of the local press, and her first short story, published at seventeen, was so much praised that she resolved to devote herself to writing. From that time till her death she poured forth a succession of novels, which belong distinctly to the class of “penny dreadfuls,” and are redolent of worship for aristocracy. A high and pure tone of feeling and a regard for conventional morality mark most of them, however. Personally, Mrs. Brame is described as a very kind, cheerful, lovable woman, while her writings reveal familiarity with good literature, and a passionate love of flowers and beauty of every kind. So popular were her novels, both in England and in America, that her name has been attached to many she never wrote; but at least thirty or forty which are undoubtedly hers have been reprinted here.

A poem called “The Mask” was written by Eliz-

abeth Barrett Browning, and may be found in her collected works. It begins:—

“I have a smiling face,” she said;  
“I have a jest for all I meet.”

Is this the one “J. Y.” wants? It is rather philosophical than dramatic.

G. H.

FORT SCOTT, Kan.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

**Aldrich.**—Anna Reeve Aldrich, author of “The Rose of Flame” and “The Feet of Love,” was born in New York, in 1866. When she was still an infant her father removed to Long Island, and but four years ago returned to New York, where they are still living. The young girl was carefully educated by private tutors, and she absorbed most of her knowledge by reading in a large and varied library. She was particularly fond of the old dramatists and of mediæval literature. When but fifteen years of age her poetic inclination began to manifest itself. She sent a crude little poem to *Scribner's*. Mr. Gilder, at that time assistant editor, returned it, but with it sent an exceedingly kind letter, which did much to encourage the young poet. Her later poems were accepted by the *Century*. Miss Aldrich is as fond of the city as others are of the country. Life, not nature, is appealing to her, and she is in sympathy with it. Personally, she is very lovely. Her figure is graceful and charming. Her countenance is exquisitely chiselled; her hair is dark, and her eyes are expressive. Miss Aldrich does most of her work in the dead of night, when all the world is still.—*Rochester Herald*.

**Edwards.**—This letter from Miss Amelia B. Edwards is published in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*:—

THE LARCHES,  
WESTBURY-ON-TRYN, BRISTOL, ENGLAND,  
April 21, 1890.

To the Editor of the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*:—

SIR: I have received a cutting headed “Cynicisms” from one of your recent issues, in which I am reported to have enlivened my farewell lecture in Boston with the following remarkable description of my own method of writing a novel:—

“I gather my materials together and go straight ahead. The plot comes of itself.”

I beg leave to observe that I never said anything of the kind. What I actually did say, apropos of the invention of plots, was this—and I copy now direct from the MS. of my lecture:—

“It seems to me that I do not ‘invent’ the plot.



The plot comes of itself. It flashes upon me suddenly, unexpectedly, when I am walking, perhaps, or otherwise actively employed. Sometimes it but half reveals itself; that is to say, it lacks some essential motive. In this case it is useless to puzzle over it; I let it alone, and by and by, in the course of a few hours, or a few days, the solution flashes upon me in the same unexpected way. Unconscious cerebration may have been going on, but it was absolutely unconscious."

You will perceive, sir, that I was not describing my method of writing a novel. I was endeavoring to describe a very obscure, and at the same time a very interesting, mental process—that mental process which, wrongly or rightly, goes by the name of "invention," and which lies at the bottom of all new things, whether in literature, art, or science.

Your critic's remarks on the value of "plot" in fiction are admirably just and correct, and no one can possibly concur with him more warmly than myself. The author who should attempt to write a story with no other material than a note-book filled with character sketches would indeed be as little likely to produce a work of art as the supposed architect who requires only "a heterogeneous collection of bricks and mortar," and expects the house to come of itself. I only beg that neither your critic nor his readers will believe that this is "Miss Edwards' method."

As a matter of fact, I have invariably constructed my plot before beginning my story, and I cannot conceive it possible that any conscientious writer of fiction could pursue any other course. I have frequently found myself compelled to alter some of my own foregone conclusions as the story grew upon my hands and the characters developed themselves; but this, I imagine, is an almost universal experience. I am, sir, yours very truly,

(Signed)

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

**Harben.**—Will N. Harben, the author of "White Marie," a novel published by the Casells, is one of the most promising of young Southern authors. His use of the negro dialect was especially commended by prominent reviewers, and his work has the fire and *elan* prophetic of future success. In person Mr. Harben is as lithe and slender as a young pine of his native Georgian forests. He has a beautiful and sympathetic voice, and an attractive manner, which has won him many friends in literary circles in New York this last winter. As a *raconteur*, he is notably charming, and his conversation and anecdotes are as picturesque as his literary style.

A.

**Stoddard.**—The poet Stoddard has run to the

end of his patience string in being continually represented as old, feeble, blind, and decrepit, as the following letter will show: "*My Dear Mr. Bok*: I would like to have my little say about a certain man or woman (I know not) who is continually writing me up as if I were at the brink of the grave. Recently this person has become so garrulous that I think it is time somebody else should have something to say. This last report makes me out first, as being so blind that I 'require the assistance of some one in going from place to place.' This is not so. It is true that my sight has not been so good since the removal of a cataract on one of my eyes as before, but this person exaggerates and lies most shamefully. Then I am made out as being thin, with stooping shoulders, and my clothes ill-fitting me, shuffling along the street like a fool. All this is rubbish, pure and simple. Then I throw vitriolic eloquence at any literary beginner who writes to me. Bah! I get one hundred such effusions in a week. Don't get ten. My wife and I give Sunday receptions. We don't. I am always seen at the theatres on first nights. Never was or will be a "first-nighter." Books are piled up all over the house from the basement up! Our house has no basement. These books were picked up abroad! Never been abroad; don't want to go. All this stuff is getting tiresome to me. Whatever interest the public may have in my welfare, I wish they would disbelieve all these stories. They are trying to my family, my friends, and to yours sincerely, RICHARD HENRY STODDARD."—*Edward W. Bok, in Cincinnati Times-Star.*

#### LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," is giving readings from her own works in the cities on the Pacific coast.

The poet Whittier has left "Oak Knoll" at Danvers, where he spends the winters with his cousins, and is now in his own home at Amesbury.

Hugh Farrar MacDermott died in New York June 3.

A press despatch says that Sir Edwin Arnold, who is now with his daughter in Japan, has been strangely united with his long lost son, who sailed into Yokohama Harbor as third mate on a tramp steamer. The young man was trained for the British Navy, but failed and ran away to sea, drifting about the world until he brought up in Australia, where he fell in love and married, but was forced to go to sea again to earn a living.

The John W. Lovell Co., of New York, will issue an authorized American edition of "Lux Mundi."

Matthew Somerville Morgan, the artist, died in New York, June 2, aged fifty-one. He was commonly known as "Matt Morgan," and had been connected with illustrated papers all his life.

Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, who are preparing a large dictionary, are sending to authors a circular in which they say: "If there is any new word which you have used in any of your writings, or any old word that you have used in a new sense, be so kind as to send us such words, with the meanings you have given them, and the wording of the line or phrase in which each occurs, with the name of book. We will give these in their proper places in the dictionary, and give you and your book credit." It is to be hoped that the circular will not come to the notice of Edgar Saltus and Amélie Rives.

John B. Alden, always prolific in new ideas, has started a new weekly magazine, called *Knowledge*, which is practically a periodical supplement to the cyclopædias, containing fresh information about topics of current interest. A complete index twice a year is promised. The yearly subscription fee is one dollar.

Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates has returned to her home in Cambridge, after her long and nearly final absence. Miss Bates speaks in warm terms of the kind hospitality extended to her in New York, and after a summer of rest hopes to resume her work in that city.

The prize of fifty dollars offered by Mrs. George S. Hunt, of Portland, Me., for the best essay by a college undergraduate on the "Relation of Temperance to Political Economy" is arousing considerable interest on this subject among college men.

Herbert Spencer has sent to the Brooklyn Ethical Society, in acknowledgment of resolutions of congratulation adopted on his seventieth birthday, a letter in which he says: "I may regard myself as extremely fortunate. Though during the first half of my literary career the losses were great and the encouragements small, yet the last half has made amends, and I may be more than satisfied alike with the material results and the effects produced, as well as with the marks of approval, which have been coming to me more and more frequently. In response to the good wishes expressed for my health, I may say that, notwithstanding partial relapses, I have much improved during the last four months, and am not without hope that I may still be able to complete the last division of my work."

Walt Whitman's seventy-first birthday, May 31, was celebrated by a dinner in Philadelphia, at which he met many literary friends.

The manuscripts of contributors to the *Century Magazine* are always returned, says *Chatter*, in plain envelopes if they are rejected. If they are accepted the notice of acceptance is sent in a *Century* envelope. In that simple rule is betrayed a degree of thoughtfulness, delicacy, and consideration that it is not easy to match.

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists at an expense of something like \$10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private *édition de luxe*, each one being labelled "my personal copy" and occupying a prominent place in his library. Verily, few can thus indulge in the embellishment of their own literature.

The new building for the Library of Congress has just been built up to the level of the ground. The entire cellar part, occupying an acre of ground, is completed, and the workmen are now beginning on the first story above ground. There is every reason to believe that the building will be completed in the eight years originally reckoned for, and that the appropriation of \$6,000,000 will not be exceeded. Six hundred men are engaged in the work. The complete plan provides room for 5,500,000 books.

Writing of the mistakes of critics, Archdeacon Farrar says, in the May number of the *Forum*: "The critics have shown themselves very poor judges of style, either in literature or art. As a general rule, an author of any merit or seriousness could not possibly do a more foolish thing than take their advice. Turner was incomparably the greatest painter of his age, yet his style during the greater part of his life furnished a common joke to every scribbler, and fledged the callow plumage of every would-be wit. Carlyle's effect upon his age was produced in great measure by his style; yet his style was for some time denounced as a travesty of English which was perfectly intolerable. Mr. Ruskin is now almost universally regarded as the greatest living master of English prose, yet many critics at first received his style with unmeasured ridicule. When Mr. Browning published his first poem — 'Pauline' — some critic or other called him 'verbose.' Unfortunately — as he has told us — he paid too much attention to the remark, and in his desire to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of 'Sordello' and other later poems."

A paper entitled "In Tennyson's Land," elaborately illustrated, was contributed by Helen Marshall North to the number of *Harper's Bazar* published June 6.

Duffield Osborne has written a new novel that will be published soon.

The issue of *College and School* (Utica, N. Y.) for June is a "Union College Number," and contains many fine pictures of the Union College grounds, and a portrait of President Webster. *College and School* offers a prize of ten dollars for the best paper, not exceeding 1,500 words, by an undergraduate, on school or college life.

Frederic Edward McKay has collected twelve manuscript short stories, which DeWolfe, Fiske, & Co. intend to publish in book form in July, under the title "A Round Dozen." The authors who contribute are: Clyde Fitch, Oscar Fay Adams, Edward Irenæus Stevenson, Mabel Louise Fuller, Case Bull, Matthew White, Jr., Emma V. Sheridan, William D. Moffat, Frederic Edward McKay, William Murray Graydon, Jane G. Austin, and Clinton Scollard.

Frank R. Stockton, William Drysdale, and Julian Hawthorne all live within a ten-mile circle in the New Jersey suburbs of New York, — Stockton at Summit, Drysdale at Cranford, and Hawthorne at Fanwood. There is a feast of literature and green peas within the circle on every Fourth of July. Barnet Phillips, the literary editor of the *New York Times*, and the author of "Burning their Ships," gets rare and strange vegetable seeds from some mysterious source in the south of France, Mr. Drysdale raises them in his Cranford garden, and every year, on the Fourth of July, these two and their families enjoy the products.

The souvenir for the seventy-fifth performance of "Money Mad" at the Standard Theatre, New York, June 19, will be a story by Fannie Edgar Thomas, entitled "The Turned Bridge." This story, written four years ago in Chicago, was Miss Thomas' first literary venture, and was the means of her introduction to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who brought her East at the time, and with whom she has since been living. She was keeping books at \$4 a week when the story was written. Knowing nothing whatever of the ways of book-making, she had the story printed by the printer of bill-heads for the office in which she was employed, and the edition was sold in a few weeks by means of crayon pictures of the bridge made by her own hands. Manager Hill has made of the little romance a charming souvenir.

Editor Charles J. Bellamy, of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *News*, will publish early in July his new novel, "Were They Sinners?"

The man who is responsible for an inordinate amount of flash literature, under the *nom de plume* of "Old Sleuth," is said to be Harlan P. Halsey, a member of the Brooklyn educational board.

Miss Elizabeth Balch, best known by her clever book, "An Author's Love," died in New York, May 23.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe quietly celebrated her seventy-first birthday May 27, at her pleasant Boston home. All through the day rare and beautiful flowers kept coming to testify to the loving remembrance in which Mrs. Howe is held. Not by any means the least appreciated gift was a great basket of field flowers — daisies and buttercups which the children of the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plain gathered and sent.

Boston's literary people will spend their summer vacations as follows: Dr. Holmes, at Beverly; James Russell Lowell, at Cambridge and Southboro; John G. Whittier, at Amesbury; Colonel T. W. Higginson, at home in Cambridge; John Boyle O'Reilly, at his new cottage at Hull; Louise Chandler Moulton, in Europe; Louise Imogen Guiney, in London and on the continent; Miss Anne Whitney, poet and sculptor, at her estate in Sherburn, N. H.; Joseph Cook, at Ticonderoga, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Deland, in England; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in Europe; Justin Winsor, in Europe; Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, of Brooklyn, in Europe; Mrs. James T. Fields, at her cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea; T. B. Aldrich, probably in England; Sarah Orne Jewett, at South Berwick, Me., and at Mrs. Fields' Manchester cottage; John Fiske, in Cambridge and elsewhere; Lucy Larcom, at Moosilauke, N. H.; Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and her husband, Rev. Herbert D. Ward, at their cottage at East Gloucester, Mass.; Horace E. Scudder, at Little Boar's Head, N. H.; Celia Thaxter, at the Isles of Shoals; J. T. Trowbridge, in Europe; Mrs. Tillie B. Chace Wyman, at Wianno, on Cape Cod; George E. Woodberry, at Beverly; Henry Cabot Lodge, at Nahant; Miss Lucia True Ames, in Europe; Rev. and Mrs. Samuel J. Barrows, at Lake Memphremagog; Robert Grant, at Nahant; Edwin D. Mead, in Boston; Frank B. Sanborn, in Europe; Edward Bellamy, at home in Chicopee; Francis Parkman, with his sister at Jamaica Plain; Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Mrs. Maud Howe Eliot, at her cottage at Newport, R. I.